

# Good Morning 714

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER

## These Young Jockeys are Beating the Cracks



### P.O. Eddie Flattey this is how your Garden grows

**Y**OUR garden, Petty Officer Eddie Flattey was looking fine when we called at 36, Richardson Road, Leeds. Your mother says everything is coming up very well, even though you aren't there to do the work you used to do in the good old days. And there certainly seems to be enough food there to feed a regiment! Dad does most of the gardening now that you're not at home.

All your friends and the family are very well—especially your two little bouncing nephews, Austen and Terry. Your mother says she and your sister, Jenny, have their hands full trying to keep them out of mischief!

The day before we called the family had had a letter from your brother Frank. He wrote saying that he'd been dreaming he was home on leave. Needless to say everybody wishes it wasn't just a dream—and that he could be on leave for ever.

Your old haunt, St. Patrick's Club, is still going strong, and all your pals there are doing fine.

They all wish you were back with them, and then you could have the high old times that you used to enjoy together.

Well, that's all the Richardson Road gen for you at the moment Eddie. Everybody sends you their love, and your pet cat (which, by the way, hasn't been christened yet, and is still known as "Pussy" miaows you her good wishes.

IT is a delightful experience to be able to throw off the cares of the day, and to enter a new world when we push open the ancient door of our own particular pub, "The Jolly Roger," to find the genuine antidote to worry and gloom.

I think the Guv'nor ought to display a notice above that door. It should read something like this: "Abandon Gloom all ye who enter here."

With the outside world doing its damndest to outdo Dantes Inferno, let us close the door on it all and join the convivial company.

Paddy and Bernard had just returned from Newmarket with mixed feelings, Paddy having failed to find his usual quota of winners, and Bernard being quite satisfied with his business for the day.

"I'm sorry to hear you've had a bad day," said the Guv'nor.

"I didn't have a bad day," answered Paddy. "True, my judgment was at fault, which gave me a slight pain in the pocket, but otherwise it was quite enjoyable. I met heaps of old friends and gathered some information which I hope may prove to the advantage of all of us—except Bernard and his tribe—in the near future."

"I also had the pleasure of seeing a couple of future champion jockeys."

"You know I always like to encourage the young lads who are trying to become successful riders. They have a tough struggle to get rides in public, and it is good to see them win, even if it does mean seeing some old pals beaten."

"I never hankered after money to the extent of wishing to be really wealthy, but if I ever had enough to own some good horses, I would let them be ridden by young apprentices in order to give the boys the chances that are all too often denied them."

"Just listen to him," laughed Bernard. "I have often thought that there was something of the

philosopher about our Paddy, but I never suspected that he had a secret ambition to become a philanthropist."

"I thank my stars I never wanted to become a book-maker," said Paddy.

"If you had done so," was the answer, "you might have been able to give full rein to your philanthropic tendencies."

"He hasn't the right temperament for that calling," put in the Guv'nor. "He'd be laying over the odds and would find himself in Carey Street in next to no time."

"Sure, and I'll be there yet, if I have many more race days like to-day. But I did enjoy seeing a grand young rider beating H. Packham and Gordon Richards in the Norfolk Stakes by what I can say was brilliant riding."

"I had backed Belisarius, with Gordon Richards up, and, like the fool I was, laid 2 to 1 on, as the rest of the so-called wise fellows did, only to see my money go down the drain. But it was a grand race, and, you may believe it or not, I enjoyed it."

"The young apprentice, J. Potter—just you remember that name, because he is going to ride many more winners if he gets the chance—beat the cracks on his 20 to 1 chance Bellinzona, which is trained by my old friend Frank Butters."

"Well, I congratulate Frank on putting young Potter up, and I hope he gives him many more rides. This lad will be a champion jockey one day, if I know anything about jockeyship."

"There was another bright youngster, aptly named Swift. He started off by winning the Apprentice Handicap, and should do better still with more experience. Then yet another race was won by a young jockey beating the cracks. This was D. Greening, who has not long been out of his apprenticeship."

"Let's have another round to drink to the further success of these boys."

"Right, and who should order and pay for these drinks but Bernard?" asked the Guv'nor. "He must have done well to-day, seeing that only one favourite, and an odds-on one at that, won all through the programme."

"You haven't heard me complain," answered Bernard. "I'll drink to the success of the apprentices as often as you like."

"They are our good friends when they win, because the professionals and the public usually plump for the leading jockeys for preference."

"If Paddy dies before I do, and I hope that happening is a long way off for both of us, I intend to buy him a handsome tombstone with a fine, flourishing inscription which will tell the world that here lies a punter who backed losers and was delighted. Then some wag will gaze in awe, and say to himself, 'and he still lies.' What do you think of that?"

"No much," answered Paddy. "And I might return the compliment by preparing your epitaph—"

A layer of odds lies here. At last he's paying out."

"So long as they don't give me a winding-sheet of stumper cheques, I shan't mind."

"When you fellows have finished with epitaphs," said the Guv'nor, "I'd like to ask what has become of Nat Wilson."

"He must be still searching for that well-hidden boxing talent that he is always looking for," answered Paddy.

"Perhaps he has secretly gone into training with the idea of staging a come-back," suggested Bernard.

"Even that is not too far-fetched, judging by recent events," said the Guv'nor. "All the old fighters, whether they are actual or near grandfathers, will be coming back to the ring soon, if the younger



ment, no coupons for boots, shorts and jerseys is the most silent of all.

"In other fields you get much the same thing. Tennis players complain that they cannot play with synthetic balls; golfers cannot get the right clubs, and they have to play without caddies."

"Poor Mutts! They will change their tune when the lads get out of the Services and show them how to make light of difficulties."

"That will be the time," said the Guv'nor. "It cannot be too soon."

### "Little Handful" hails E.R.A. Ron Boothe

**T**HIS is Mrs. Hilda Boothe, of 1, Hartlands Road, Fareham, and Penelope Ann, aged nine months.

E.R.A. Ronald Boothe hasn't seen Penelope, but he can take it from us that she is growing into a bonnie lass.

Her hair isn't quite as luxuriant yet as her mother's, but by the time that attractive little tuft on top turns into kiss curls, we are sure she will be "a one for the boys."

You will be glad to hear, Ron, that Penelope is getting quite good company for your wife—and finds her plenty to do.

She is quite a little handful, in fact!

Ever so good tempered, though—we imagine she takes after your wife, or perhaps after both of you—and she thoroughly enjoys her outings every afternoon, when fine, in the pram.

Then bed at six o'clock, "and the rest of the day," Mrs. Boothe told us, "is my own," with plenty of household tasks still to fit in.

Penelope has lots of toys, but her favourite is "Buttons," a rag doll with big buttons for its eyes.

She has also a scrap book from America, filled with Christmas cards, and already takes a big interest in it.

You will be even more pleased to hear, Ron, that she is just beginning to say "Dada" and "Mama." But we bet she'll have a lot more to say when you come home! "Tell him we miss him terribly." That is your wife's personal message to you, Ron, and you should get quite a big budget of news from time to time, because she writes to you every other day.

Her sister Mary—whose husband, Jim Cole, is somewhere on the Burma Front—also asks us to tell you that they are keeping the home fires burning.

And that there is still a tin of beans in the cupboard to remind you of those early housekeeping days at Fareham—if you can now look a tin of beans in the face!

Anyway, we hope that the picture will give you a glimpse of the happiness awaiting you at Hartlands Road. Cheerio!



### Home Town Gossip

**M**R. W. TRAYS, village blacksmith, of Callington, had a big audience for an unusual job he performed recently.

A seven-year-old boy put his head through the iron railings round the school playground to retrieve a rubber ball, but, try as he would, could not get it back again!

Other boys fetched the blacksmith, who had to saw through a bar one inch square in two places in order to remove a portion and release the prisoner.

For twenty minutes it was one of the biggest "free shows" they have had at Callington for a while.

#### SMILER.

**M**R. JAMES HOPLEY, foreman porter at Millbay Station, Plymouth, who has superintended baggage arrangements for the entraining of thousands of U.S. troops debarking at the docks used to

make incoming Yanks so happy with his bright manner and leg-pulls that the railway company received a special letter of commendation for "Jim" from an officer of the U.S. Army Transportation Corps which said "it is a pleasure to work with a man of this gentleman's calibre."

A former sergeant in the Royal Marines, Jim Hopley has brought up a family of twenty children—and isn't a man easy to ruffle!

**M**ANY "lions" of the theatre world attended the auction at the Palace Theatre, Plymouth, when the prime "lot" was the Palace itself.

Bidding started at £40,000, and the theatre was knocked down at £77,000 to Mr. Sol Silver, of Exeter, acting for a syndicate.

Mr. Thomas Hoyle, who owned the Palace for many years, bought it for £42,000, with another theatre (the Grand) and a house thrown in.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway), but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address: "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# What Mrs. Cluppins Heard Behind the Door

Mrs. Cluppins enters the witness-box.

**BUZFUZ:** Mrs. Cluppins, pray compose yourself, ma'am.

Mrs. Cluppins sobs with increased vehemence.

**BUZFUZ:** Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins—do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment?

Mrs. Cluppins: Yes, my lord and jury, I do.

**BUZFUZ:** Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?

Mrs. Cluppins: Yes, it were, sir. **Judge:** What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?

Mrs. Cluppins: My lord and jury, I will not deceive you—

**Judge:** You had better not, ma'am.

Mrs. Cluppins: I was there unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell. I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney putties—which was three pound tuppence ha'penny—when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar.

**Judge:** On the what?

**Snubbin:** Partly open, my lord.

**Judge:** She said on the jar.

**Snubbin:** It's all the same, my lord.

Mrs. Cluppins: I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permissive manner, upstairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and—

**BUZFUZ:** And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?

Mrs. Cluppins: Beggin' your pardon, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices were very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear.

**BUZFUZ:** Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?

Mrs. Cluppins: Yes, it were, sir.

**BUZFUZ:** Tell us what you heard, Mrs. Cluppins, if you please.

Mrs. Cluppins: I heard Mr. Pickwick's voice, my lord and jury.

**BUZFUZ:** Yes, yes, I know; but what did you hear him say?

Mrs. Cluppins: Mr. Pickwick said, my lord and jury, that when they married it would save Mrs. Bardell a great deal of trouble.

**BUZFUZ:** Well, what next?

Mrs. Cluppins: He said she would have a lively companion,

who'd teach her more tricks in a week than she would learn in a year.

**BUZFUZ:** What more did you look at the jury?

Mrs. Cluppins: My lord and jury, I heard the sound of kissing, and I peeped in—I won't deceive you, gentlemen—and his arms were round Mrs. Bardell's neck and he called her a good creature.

**Winkle:** Here. (Bows to the Judge.)

**Judge:** Don't look at me, sir; recollect at this moment, nearly—

**BUZFUZ:** Now, sir, have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?

**Winkle:** Winkle.

**Judge:** What's your Christian name, sir?

## Part 2—The Trial of Pickwick By Charles Dickens

**BUZFUZ:** That will do. You can go now, Mrs. Cluppins.

**Snubbin:** I shall not cross-examine this witness, for Mr. Pickwick wishes it to be distinctly stated that it is due to her to say that her account is in substance correct.

**BUZFUZ:** Call Nathaniel Winkle.

**Crier:** Nathaniel Winkle!

an intruder, and why? Mustard, Salt, Cayenne, Pepper, Spice, Nutmeg.

**Winkle:** Nathaniel, sir.

**Judge:** Daniel — any other name?

**Winkle:** Nathaniel, sir—my lord, I mean.

**Judge:** Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?

**Winkle:** No, my lord; only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all.

**Judge:** What did you tell me it was Daniel for then, sir?

**Winkle:** I didn't, my lord.

**Judge:** You did, sir. How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir?

**BUZFUZ:** Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my lord. We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say.

**Judge:** You had better be careful, sir.

**BUZFUZ:** Now, Mr. Winkle, attend to me, if you please, sir, and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?

**Winkle:** I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I can times?

**BUZFUZ:** Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?

**Winkle:** I was just about to say that—

**BUZFUZ:** Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?

**Judge:** If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir.

**BUZFUZ:** Come, sir; yes or no, if you please.

**Winkle:** Yes, I am.

**BUZFUZ:** Yes, you are. And why couldn't you have said so at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too; eh, Mr. Winkle?

**Winkle:** I don't know her. I've seen her.

**BUZFUZ:** Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her. Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by that, Mr. Winkle.

**Winkle:** I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick, in Goswell Street.

**BUZFUZ:** How often have you seen her, sir?

**Winkle:** How often?

**BUZFUZ:** Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir.

**Winkle:** It is impossible to say how many times I have seen Mrs. Bardell.

**BUZFUZ:** Have you seen her twenty times, sir?

**Winkle:** Certainly! more than that.

**BUZFUZ:** Have you seen her a hundred times?

**Winkle:** No, I think not.

**BUZFUZ:** Will you swear you

have not seen her more than fifty times?

**Winkle:** I think not.

**BUZFUZ:** Don't you know that you have seen her at least seventy-five times?

**Winkle:** I think I may have seen her seventy-five times, but I am uncertain.

**Judge:** You had better take care of yourself, sir.

**BUZFUZ:** Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house, in Goswell Street, on one particular morning in the month of July last?

**Winkle:** Yes, I do.

**BUZFUZ:** Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?

**Winkle:** Yes, I was.

**BUZFUZ:** Are they here?

**Winkle:** Yes, they are. (Looks at his friends.)

**BUZFUZ:** Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later.

**Winkle:** The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist, and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away.

**BUZFUZ:** Did you hear the defendant say anything?

**Winkle:** I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if anybody should come; or words to that effect.

**BUZFUZ:** Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

### Answers to Quiz in No. 713

1. What is a dime?
2. What is the smallest county in England?
3. Where was the first British lightship established, and when?
4. From what is vodka made?
5. What is the meaning of "R.S.V.P."?
6. Which of the following is

1. Burrows.
2. Dzbugashvili.
3. Muckle Flugga (in the Shetlands).
4. Hedge-sparrow or (sometimes) tom-tit.
5. Commander of the British troops in Germany during the Seven Years' War.
6. Earthworm has no eyes and is blind; all the others have eyes and can see.

## BEHIND THE SCREEN

By Cathryn Rose

JUNE ALLYSON rode on a train one morning, on her way to work as a secretary to a stationery firm. On the way the train jerked and she fell into the lap of a man reading a newspaper. After she had regained her feet the train lurched again, and again June landed in the stranger's lap.

This time the man rose, offered her his seat and his newspaper. The first item to catch her eye was an advertisement seeking chorus girls for a leading Broadway show. Acting on impulse, she answered the advertisement, got the job, and rose steadily from the chorus. And that's how stars are made.

AFTER the long run of war films, it is a nice change to hear of the British production, "29, Acacia Avenue," starring Gordon Harker, Carla Lehmann and Jimmy Hanley.

In this film there is no mention of the war, coupons or shortages. The cast ride in dazzling cars and talk of the delights of holiday cruises. And when the characters get embroiled in a family argument over the day's headlines it isn't post-war problems, but an item about a girl's cross-country walk which causes the rumpus.

It makes a change which is very refreshing.

LUCILLE BALL and Esther Williams are becoming known as Hollywood's leading "Colour Girls," and with good reason.

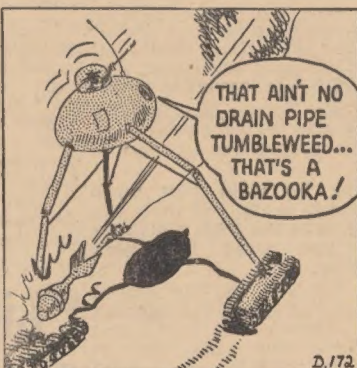
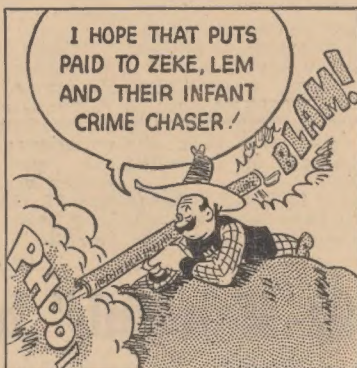
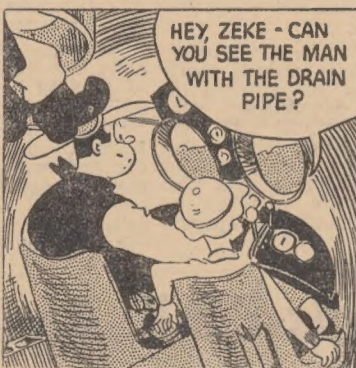
"Early to Wed," M-G-M's musical comedy starring Lucille and Esther, with Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn, will mark the fourth assignment for each in front of the Technicolor camera.

Lucille has appeared in only two black-and-white films for the studio, and Esther in just one. Camera experts regard both girls as ideal subjects for Technicolor.

SID FIELD has recently recorded his famous "Golfing" sketch on wax, and although it loses more than somewhat by Sid being unseen, it is still good for laughs.

And talking of records, have you heard Harry James' interpretation of "The Flight of the Bumblebee"? It is a perfect example of just what can be done with the trumpet.

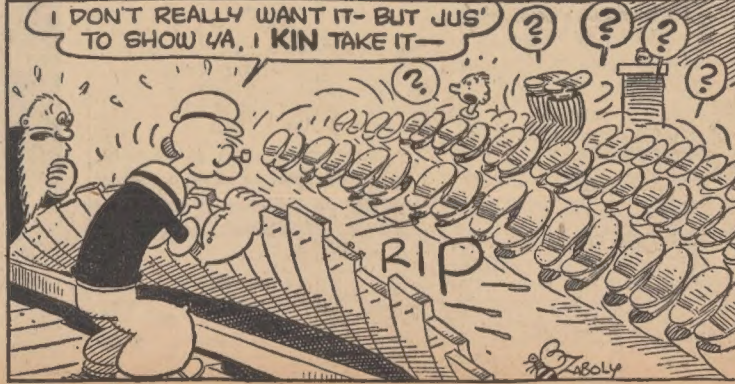
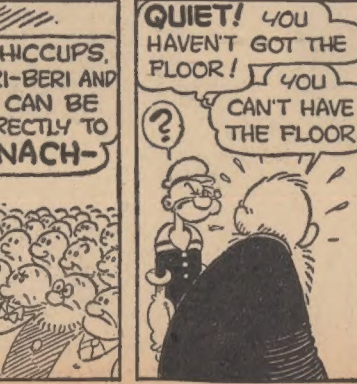
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE







JANE

"Joe sure is a slow reader, ain't 'e?"

### Wangling Words No. 654

1. Behead a stroke and get a horse.
2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: ert'susthisrightrownoots.
3. What word of eight letters, meaning "close," is composed entirely of "match-stick" letters—i.e., letters consisting only of straight lines when written as capitals?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The — said we should all get a — at Christmas, but the mate disagreed.

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 653

1. P-rice.
2. Lounge lizards loll along the walls.
3. SAT, ATE, TEA, EAR, ARE, RED.
4. Scent, cents.

### What Mrs. Cluppins Heard Behind the Door

(Continued from Page 2)

undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question—"My Dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come," or words to that effect?

**Winkle:** I—I didn't understand him so, certainly. I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—

**Buzfuz:** The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle; which, I fear, would be of little service to honest straightforward men. You were on the staircase, and did not distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?

**Winkle:** No, I will not.

**Snubbin (stands up):** I believe Mr. Winkle, that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?

**Winkle:** Oh, no; old enough to be my father.

**Snubbin:** You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time.

**Winkle:** Oh, no; certainly not.

**Snubbin:** I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle. Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex to induce you to believe that he was about to be married?

**Winkle:** Oh, no; certainly not.

**Snubbin:** Has his behaviour, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man who, having attained a pretty advanced

period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them as a father might his daughters?

**Winkle:** Not the least doubt of it. That is—yes—oh, yes—certainly.

**Snubbin:** You have never known anything in his behaviour towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?

**Winkle:** N—n—no, except on one trifling occasion, which I have no doubt might be easily explained.

**Snubbin:** You may leave the box, Mr. Winkle.

**Buzfuz:** Call Samuel Weller. (To be concluded.)

Since "Pay As You Earn" started they've changed the notices in the local park from "Keep off the grass" to "Don't eat the grass."



Jack Greenall Says Ain't Nature Wonderful!

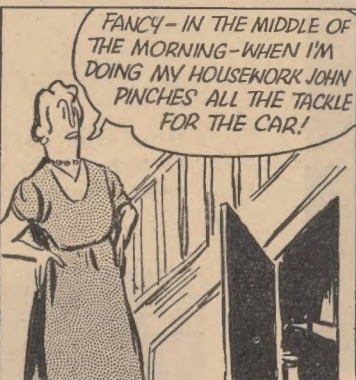
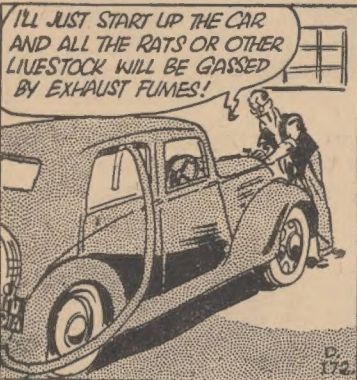
### THE ANT-EATER.

THE Ant-eater looks like a cross between a stirrup-pump and a mop. It seeks trouble, and gets it, fooling around with wasps' nests. Some ninnies never learn.

It has a cunning expression, but doesn't get away with anything. It also has no teeth. It's not on its own up this alley, and walks on the sides of its feet, a buffoon, if ever there was one.

When sleeping, looks like a bundle of old hay. Many unpleasant surprises have been the upshot of this. The Ant-eater sucks ants into his gizzard by his long tongue, which looks like a boot-lace. Cor! who'd be an ant?

### RUGGLES



### GARTH





# Good Morning



**THE ENGLISH VILLAGE.** — These welcoming thatched roofs, whispering of warmth and snug within, the neatly clipped hedges and the stone walls enclosing the trim cottage gardens, are to be found at Buckland-in-the-Moor, a little village that has slipped, somehow, off the bleak uplands of Dartmoor.



**GRABLE-BODIED SEAMEN!** These lovelies — including the bozo with the pipe — are Navy types now playing in the topical, tropical revue, "Pacific Show Boat," presented by the Royal Navy at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.



How this curly-top keeps her curls trim after swimming in the Pacific Ocean, beats us. Maybe it's a different sort of salt water they have on that side of the world — or, maybe, they're just a different sort of curls. Could be!



"Well, dang my sideburns, this is the daftest hoss I've ever seen." This is what happened when Rema, the monkey at the Chessington Zoo, and his four pals, climbed on to a rocking-horse in the children's playground.



## LIKEE SALEE?

This is how a Chinese draper advertised his great cut-price sale in Shanghai. Judging from the way our last "f"-utility shirt is wearing, it would have been better if we had gone to Sungkee & Co. — Experienced Shirts maker!



Dreaming — just dreaming — of the last meal he had, and the one he's going to have the moment he wakes up!

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Just like my lost litter—bless 'em."

